The Divining Rod.

The Philadelphia *Press* contains the following interview with Dr. Seth Pancoast, of that city, who has gained high repute as a cabalist, and has made a life-long study of spiritualism, alchemy and the occult sciences in general.

"What is the theory of the operation of the divining rod?"

"Well, in the first movement of the rod there is evidently an attraction, and in the second movement, giving the depth, a repulsion. The attraction is destroyed or suspended by covering the end of the rod with a wet cloth, if it is attracted by water, or, if by a mineral, by holding the same kind in the hand or by binding it to the end of a rod. It can be analyzed into an attractive and repelling energy, and we must believe that those who are in sympathy with this energy possess a higher state of susceptibility and consciousness than is possessed by a large majority of the human family. What is discovered by the divining rod is one kind of energy, the person possessing the conscious power is the other form of energy, and the rod is the medium between the two; in other words, the sensitive person is but in sympathy with the subjective magnetism of the mineral through the medium of the rod."

"What is this sensitive organization or power of consciousness?"

"An intensely acute and susceptible development of the nervous system, and of the more delicate mental faculties. Very few persons have it naturally, though some may acquire it by means of meditation, solitude, religious exercise of the mind, and a determined will to do right. The great point is to fully harmonize the emotional faculties. This consciousness may exist in the male sex and also in the female. Even children have been known to have it. Religious and pious persons are more likely to have it and to acquire it by cultivation than others. But, however, there are very few persons who really are endowed with this consciousness."

"Does the devil have anything to do with this unseen agency?"

"No, indeed, not at all. There used to to be an old superstition that the evil one had the power of granting the ability to use the rod. But that is all an error. It probably arose from the legends that he and his proselytes had all the mines and ore-beds, which were alleged to be in his kingdom. If he had anything to do with it, religious persons, you may be sure would not be susceptible."

"How long has this divining rod been known?"

"Modern history locates the first knowledge of it in the eleventh century, but in reality it was known long before that. It was known of in the Kabbalah, which, as is well known, is of very ancient date. However, the divining rod must not be confounded with the magic wand of the Kabbalah. The two are entirely different. The magic wand is used for controlling intelligences as a hand of authority. It controls this intelligence. Thus, I will intelligently a desire. That desire never dies until it is fulfilled, or until it meets a counter desire. In willing this desire the wand is used, and is of vast power. The distinction between the diving rod and the wand is that the former controls energies or physical substances, while the latter rules over intelligence or spirits."

"What makes the best kind of rod?"

"The slender branches of the hazel tree, or, as it is sometimes called, the witch hazelwood. There is something singular about the hazelwood in its power of transmitting what we call subjective energy. It has this power more than any other wood. The oak is the next best, though in other countries, notably in Europe, the wood of the rowan tree is greatly used. The hazel tree surpasses all, however, just as certain metals are better than others as conductors of electricity, copper, for instance, being one of the best. So is the wood of the hazel tree the best to convey subjective energy."

"What notable instances are there in history of the use of the rod?"

"O, there are many ways. One that is often referred to is that of Jacques Aymar-Vernay, a Frenchman, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He was widely known as a diviner and as one using the divining rod. He acquired a great reputation, but how far he was really able to use the rod I can not say. There is a story that he was a mason, but left his trade and became a great diviner, discovering many beds of ore and not a few streams of hidden water. Somewhere in his neighborhood there was a mysterious murder. The criminal could not be found, though the most diligent search was made in every section. At last the aid of this Aymar-Vernay was called in, and he went to work, and whether it is claimed that he used any means of divination I do not know. At any rate he found the murderer, who finally confessed. This whole affair provoked a great deal of discussion, and a great many short tracts or pamphlets were written about it at the time. Aymar-Vernay obtained a great deal of notoriety, and the story of his ability to use the divining rod has been recorded in French history as being unquestionably true.

"I know of instances myself of the successful use of the divining rod. I can give you one which occurred within the last two and a half years.

"Mr Charles Latimer, who is a personal friend of mine, was in Philadelphia and chanced to be at my house.

"He is a person who has remarkably well developed the power of consciousness necessary to use the divining rod. So, without his knowledge, we concealed beneath the carpet in this very room a $10 gold piece, and then, later on in the evening, we met in this room and asked him to find for us the metal. He took a divining rod in his hands and began walking over the floor. When about half way across the room the rod moved outward and downward. He stopped and said: 'Here is the metal, and I know it to be iron.' Well, this was not the place where we had hidden the gold, and, more than this he had not named the right metal. So that it was not by any means the solution of the experiment that we were looking for. But suddenly the idea flashed upon my mind that true enough there was metal there and it was iron. He was right. He was standing over the steam-pipe of the heating apparatus in the cellar. So I at once told him that he was correct, but that there was more metal somewhere in the room. He then began the search once more, and in a short time the rod by its movement, showed him where the gold piece was, and he by his keen and delicate consciousness knew that it was gold.

"Mr. Latimer has also in many cases which have been made public discovered valuable beds of coal and iron. If there were more persons possessed of this sensitiveness, why there would be a far greater use of the rod in mining enterprises."

A Dinner with Washington.

The dinner usually consisted of three courses—meat and vegetables, followed by some kind of pastry, and last hickory-nuts and apples, of which Washington was very fond. The meal lasted about two hours, when the table was cleared off, and the leaves taken out, so as to allow it to be shut up in a circle, when Mrs. Washington presided, and from her own silver tea service served the guests with tea and coffee, which were handed round by black servants. Supper was at nine, and the table remained spread till eleven. It consisted of three or four light dishes, with fruit and walnuts. When the cloth was removed each guest in turn was called upon for a toast, which was drank by all, followed by conversation, toasts, and general conviviality. General Chastellux, a member of the French Academy, who came out, with Rochambeau as his aide, with the rank of Major General, traveled over the country and published an account of his travels. In this he speaks of his visits to Washington, and describes these entertainments as delightful, and says that "General Washington toasted and conversed all the while," and adds: "The nuts are served half open, and the company are never done eating and picking them." Washington entertained a great deal. Not only French officers but the leading statesmen of the country visited him to consult on the state of affairs. Baron Steuben's headquarters were on the Fiskhill side of the river, and he frequently came over to drill the Life-Guard in military tactics, with a view of making officers of them, should the war continue. Their encampment was just back of headquarters.

On these occasions he was accustomed to dine with Washington. Once several guests were present, and among them Robert Morris, who had come up to consult with Washington about the State finances. During the dinner he spoke very bitterly of the bankrupt condition of the Treasury, and his utter inability to replenish it, when Steuben said, "Why, are you not financier? Why do you not create funds?"

"I have done all I can," replied Morris, "and it is impossible for me to do more."

"What!" said the baron; "you remain financier without finances? Then I do not think you as honest a man as my cook. He came to me one day at Valley Forge, and said, 'Baron, I am your cook, and you have nothing to cook but a piece of lean beef, which is hung up by a string before the fire. Your wagoner can turn the string, and do as well as I can. You have promised me ten dollars a month; but as you have nothing to cook, I wish to be discharged, and not longer be chargeable to you.' That is an honest fellow, Morris."

Morris did not join very heartily in the laugh that followed.

Washington was accustomed to hold a levee every week, while the officers took turns in giving evening parties: and, not to mortify those who were too poor to furnish expensive entertainments, it was resolved that they should consist only of apples and nuts. There was no dancing or amusement of any kind except singing. Every lady or gentleman who could sing was called upon for a song. Once Mrs. Knox broke over the rule, and gave what at that time was considered a grand ball, which Washington opened with the beautiful Maria Colden, of Coldenham. She and Gitty Wynkoop and Sally Jansen, the latter two living near old Paltz, were great belles in the sparsely settled country, and the three wrote their names on a window-glass with a diamond ring, and there they remain to this day.—*J. T. Headley, in Harper's Magazine.*

An Indian Funeral.

A correspondent of the St Louis *Republican* thus described an Indian funeral in Montana: The subject was a sixteen-year-old nephew of Sitting Bull, who had been attending school for some time in the southern part of the Territory, and while there contracted a lung trouble that proved fatal yesterday. We followed the procession, which consisted of four old women and two small boys, professional mourners. The corpse was most carefully wrapped, all his new winter clothes being wrapped about him, around which was a large piece of tent cloth, and the whole bound with ropes. It was drawn to the place of sepulture on a travois—poles made fast to the horse with one end trailing on the ground. The body, singular to state, lay with the feet toward the horse and head near the ground. The place of final deposit was made of poles ten feet high, on which was a scaffold of poles to receive the body. It was no little job for the four women to lift and deposit the body upon such an elevation, a task which they contrived to accomplish by making a temporary ladder. On this scaffold was already the body of the deceased's father, who had gone thither three weeks ago. After "burial" was completed the four women began their lamentations, wailing, digging the ground, chanting, etc. When they had partially subsided one of the old women, whose eyes were offensively rheumy, said she had been employed to do so much crying in the last few weeks that she had almost lost her sight. When these four women left four more came, and thus in relays they will keep up their lamentations for a long period; it often extends over several years. Not infrequently relatives of a deceased person held in specially high esteem, in order to manifest the sincerity of their grief, seriously mutilate themselves.

—Governor Butler says they used to speak better English in Massachusetts years ago than anywhere else on the globe, and the habit continued, until it was "debauched by the newspapers."—*Boston Post.*

Fashion Items.

A brilliant shade of plum color and another of rich dark blue have quite taken the place of strawberry and terra-cotta in popularity.

Coffee-colored lace, brought into favor by the Princess of Wales, who wore it recently upon a dress of ivory-white satin, is seen upon the latest imported evening dresses of cream-white satin and pearl-white brocade.

Dresses of either silk or satin are growing beautifully less in numbers upon the promenade, and in their place are seen the more appropriate and sensible costumes of serge, cheviot, tweed, cashmere, and cloth—the tailor-made suits forming by far the leading styles.

It is almost impossible to distinguish the new velveteen from real velvet, so silky is its surface and so soft and even its face. The dark colors of this material are very handsome, and they make both stylish and wear-defying walking-skirts, the new brand, it is claimed, being proof against rain spots, and warranted never to fade.

Very long gauntleted gloves of Suede and wash leather will be worn this autumn for driving, shopping, and with walking costumes. The handsomest are not of the lately fashionable pale yellow or tan shades, but come in dark green bronze, olive, and other quiet colors, slightly stitched with pale gold silk, and having the gauntlets lined with the same delicate tint.

Dark velvet bodices, which are so fashionably worn just now over skirts of veiling, silk and other fabrics, may be much heightened in effect for dressy occasions by having the basque edge cut in blocks falling over a lace ruffle set underneath. The trimmings of the sleeves and square neck are arranged to match. For evening wear the sleeves are sometimes of transparent silk, net or lace, gold lace being used where a gold-colored Spanish lace ruffle is set underneath the basque.

For little girls' wear at the seaside or in the country are sold pretty little Babet jackets, jackets of dark red velvet or cloth, braided with gold, to slip on over light dresses when the days are cool. There are also tiny shoulder capes of cardinal serge or cashmere, embroidered in narrow vine patterns in a deeper shade of silk, and lined to match. Wide satin ribbon strings fasten the cape, and en suite are coquetish little Moorish caps of cardinal, to be perched upon the head, a little back, to show the English bang falling over the forehead.

One of the features of dress trimmings this autumn is the cutting of the edges of skirts, tunics and polonaises into turrets, Vandykes and scallops—a fashion so popular last season in lighter fabrics. Tweed dresses are made in this manner with good success, the blocks or points being lined with silk, and turned back sometimes to show a bright kilting underneath. Some of the blocks are quite broad, and not only trim the foot of the skirt and tunic, but are set in full double rows around the edge of the long pointed bodice in regular Elizabethan style.—*N. Y. Post.*

Autumn Novelties.

The most pronounced novelty of the season is the Crusader cloth, a beautifully fine, but firm, warm fabric, woven in many colors into broche figures of a mediæl character, shields, escutcheons, helmets, battle-axes, swords, daggers, coats of mail, crests and heraldic devices of all sorts. The Parisians are using these clothes for jackets, with a hauberk bodice and full pilgrim sleeves, or long, loose Crusader cloaks, with sleeves a la religieuse, or made up in the new Moliere coat, revived by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and called by her name. The dramatic artists will welcome this novelty with enthusiasm. The Gobelin Ottomans, with their graceful designs in subdued colors on dark, quiet grounds, will be much worn by conservative women of the best taste and with sufficient means to gratify the same. The velvet broche serges and Ottomans, with scattered figures and blocks of velvet chenille on wool grounds, will also be favorites with this class of ladies. The new chevoit effects, woven in stripes and bars for one part of the costume and plain for the other, will take the place of the mixtures so admired last season and which are not brought out this season. Grecian cloth, a wool fabric, is another high novelty. It is a broche stuff, with Greek designs of a severely classic style, which will be appreciated by artists and theatrical people.

A new color that clamors for favor, both in dress goods and millinery, is known as "Judee," a deep purplish shade of crushed strawberry. New greens awaiting introductions are "Cresson," a water cress made of green, and "Grenonville," a frog green. A number of brown shades will be revived under new names and the same may be said for yellow. A fire-red hue, to be launched on the public as soon as the weather is cool enough to admit of it, has been christened "Infernal."

All sorts of velvety materials will be popular for bonnets, during the latter part of the autumn season, heavy velvets, plain and figured plushes and flowers in shaded velvet being among the garnitures that promise the greatest popularity, wall-flowers, dahlias, chrysanthemums and dark velvety red and orange colored nasturtiums taking the lead.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Little Miss Micklen's Adventure.

At dusk last evening a very little girl, with golden hair and blue eyes, toddled through Twenty-fourth street and sat down on a stoop near the corner of Sixth avenue. Her little red hat rested on the back of her head and her cheeks were tear stained. She was scarcely three three years old. She pressed to her breast a small white-and-black kitten which she had been carrying, and said:

"I'se 'faid we'se lost, Pussie."

By and by she began to cry, and a passing policeman finding that she had strayed from home brought her and her kitten to the Police Central Office, where she was placed in charge of Matron Webb. At nine o'clock an excited man ran into the Central Office and said his little daughter was lost. He was sent to the lost children's department, where he recognized his daughter. He said his name was Elias Micklen and that he lived at 35½ Greenwich avenue. He had never seen the kitten before.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Stories About a Horse.

"Thur he stands ez innocent-lookin' and chipper ez er yearlin' colt, an' no un w'u'd b'lieve that hoss wuz twenty-six y'ar old. Yaas I've owned him senz he wor er colt, an' I've teached him everything that he knows 'cept his meanness. He comed nat'ral by that, pardner—hit was borned in him."

Old Zeke, of Texas, is a veritable frontier patriarch. His horse is a large blood-bay animal, who has a wicked fashion of showing the whites of his eyes and laying back his thin ears.

"He looks so much like one uv them thur Mexican lions," explained the old hunter, "that I named him Cougar." He had often spoken to me of this famous animal, and one day—I shall never forget the circumstance—I made Cougar's acquaintance. I was on my way through a corral when a screaming neigh, the sound of quickly falling hoofs and a warning cry caused me to turn my head. A blood-bay horse, with proudly arched neck, flowing mane and tail, and head erect, was coming toward me at a quick gallop. His thin ears were laid back close to his head and his red tongue hung from his mouth between two rows of vicious-looking teeth. I turned and faced the rapidly advancing animal. The nearer he came the more dangerous he looked, and I was unarmed. I would have run toward the row of stalls on the north side of the corral for shelter, but they were too far away. I could hear the champ of his teeth and the sound made cold chills run down my vertebral column. Fire seemed to flash from his eyes and great flecks of foam dropped from his open mouth. When he was in ten feet of me he reared, evidently intending to crush me beneath his forefeet. I shudered—most any man would have done so under the circumstances—and braced myself for a spring. The anticipated shock did not come however. I heard the sternly-spoken caution "Hyar!" in the well-known voice of One-eyed Zeke, and the horse, but recently so full of vicious fire, halted, pricked up his ears and stood meekly in front of me, with such an expression of innocent wonder on his face that I burst out laughing. He did not like this and laid back his ears again.

"Hyar, ye rascal!" shouted his master. "None uv that."

He walked up to where I was standing and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"This hyar's a pardner uv mine, Cougar," he said. "Shake!"

Cougar who had inclined his head gravely, as though listening to his master's words, lifted one of his fore feet and extended it toward me in a very friendly manner. I grabbed the outstreatched limb, and since that time Cougar and I have been very good friends, although I never cared to presume on our acquaintance by any undue familiarity.

In 1874 a party of soldiers who were being guided by Zeke followed an Indian trail which extended across El Llano del Marie, which is an arid, sandy, alkali desert. It is about one hundred miles wide and there is very little water on it. The soldiers had reached the middle of the desert when they were overtaken by a terrible sandstorm, which lasted about twelve hours. Many of the men and horses were suffocated by the sand. The packs and water-sacks were blown away and those of the horses that were not killed stampeded. Old Zeke was badly bruised, and the alkali dust entering his throat had so swollen it that he could hardly speak. The soldiers were lying about suffering from the same difficulty, and Zeke knew that unless they could reach water they would all perish. When he came to his senses Cougar was standing near him, and he called the animal to his side. With great difficulty he managed to clamber into the saddle.

"Water!" he whispered hoarsely into the horse's ear.

Cougar threw up his head, sniffed the air for a moment, and then started off at a gallop. He made straight for a water hole, about three miles distant, and when he reached there Zeke was enabled to allay his burning thirst. He filled his canteen with water and started Cougar back with it to the suffering soldiers. He made the journey swiftly, and when he returned his saddle was loaded down with canteens. Zeke filled these and started the horse back again. He made several trips, and when everybody had been supplied the missing horses and pack animals were hunted up and the outfit turned back toward the post. When they reached there, and the story of Cougar's sagacity became known, they made a hero of the horse. The officers drunk his health, their wives and daughters made him a blanket, the soldiers whose lives he had saved contributed money enough to buy him a costly saddle and bridle, and the commander of the scouting party had a gold medal struck on which is engraved an account of the affair. "Yaas," said Zeke, when he finished this story, "Cougar ez tolerbul keen an' he hez more sense than half the humans what I meets; but he's no angel, ez the man what fools around his head or heels kin testify to."—*Philadelphia Times.*

An Electric Gun.

Colonel Fosbery created a sensation at a lecture he recently gave to an assembly of officers, small-arm inventors and other experts at the Royal United Service Institute by suddenly drawing from its place of hiding, under the table, a wonderful new gun, which he had just brought from Liege. He called it a "baby elictric gun." It looked like a pretty carbine, but it had no mechanism and could not possibly go off until connected up to the source of electric force. This done, it could be fired with amazing rapidity, 104 rounds having a few days before been fired from it by its inventor, M. Pleper, of Liege, in two minutes. Colonel Fosbery fired two rounds with infinitesimal powder charges. He had prepared himself by secreting under his vest a small circuit of wire and putting on a banderole, supporting what looked like a two ounce vial, but was in fact an electric accumulator, with sufficient stored up energy to discharge 2,000 rounds. The cartridges were innocent looking mites and contained no detonating substances, nothing in fact but simple powder and a wad. The opinion was expressed by various speakers that the electric gun must once more revolutionize the manufacture of small arms within a brief period.—*Electrical Journal*

He Wouldn't Have It.

A squatty little man, very corpulent, very stiff-necked, and very much out of sorts halted a policeman at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Wayne street yesterday and said:

"Ha, sir! but what kind of a city is this, sir? Ha! (blowing his nose) it strikes me that you're a queer set."

"Anything wrong?"

"Ha! sir! yes (blow), sir! I came from ——, with the excursion. I had scarcely put foot on the street when a boy called me a caravan, sir! Ha! (blow) a caravan!"

"He shouldn't have done it."

"And a stranger slapped me on the back and yelled hello, pard! in my ear! Yes, sir, (blow) he did, sir—in my ear, sir!"

"That was wrong."

"And a boot-black, sir (blow), had the impudence to call my feet freight cars, and to ask me what line I run on! Yes (blew), sir—what line I run on! Ha! sir."

"He deserved arrest:"

"Ha! he (blow) did, sir. I want the people of Detroit to understand that I'm worth $14,000, sir, mostly in cash—mostly in cash, sir."

"Yes."

"And I've been a Justice of the Peace for twenty-two years, sir! Ha! (blow) sir."

"Yes, sir. (A long blow.) And when one of your villains calls out to shoot this hat, sir, I want him to understand that I'm also postmaster."

"You are!"

"Yes, sir, and when any one sneers at my clothes, sir, let him remember that I've run for the Legislature—the Legislature, sir! Ha! (blow) and was almost elected! I won't have this undue familiarity, sir! Why, no man in my town would dare to call me pard, let alone slapping me on the back! Why, sir (blow), why—but I want this stopped!"

"Yes, sir!"

"I won't put up with it!"

"Yes, sir."

"I am entitled to respect, sir! Yes (blow), I ha! ha! am, sir!

"Yes, sir."

He walked up Jefferson avenue, but had not gone a block when a truckman, who was tossing watermelons to a man on the walk, made a miss, but hit the $14,000 man in the back with a twenty-pounder, and cried out:

"Look out, Shorty, or you'll be counted in and sold for a quarter."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Appearance of a Tornado.

As the tornado sweeps onward in its course, it rises and falls with a series of bounds, and, with a swaying motion, describes a zigzag course, now forming a chain of loops, and again shooting off on an obtuse angle, varying in the speed of its forward motion, which may be anywhere from ten to thirty miles an hour. At the same time it is rapidly whirling on its axis in the opposite direction from a screw, or the hands of a clock, the air revolving around the vortex necessarily attaining a speed of several hundred miles an hour. First widening, then contracting, now bounding above the tree-tops, and again descending to sweep the earth bare of every object within its reach, the aerial monster surges onward. The largest forest-trees, mere playthings in its grasp, are plucked up by the roots, or snapped off like pipe-stems; substantial buildings are first crushed like egg-shells, then caught up in the votex and the *debris* carried sometimes for miles, before it is again thrown off by centrifugal force, and falls by gravitation, anywhere, everywhere, as soon as released from the monster's grasp.

It is difficult to accurately describe the tornado's appearance and work, even for those who have been eye-witnesses, or who have personally passed through the horrors its coming brings. While accounts differ as to its appearance and behavior, as witnessed from different points of observation, and under different circumstances, all substantially agree that it is cone-shaped, its motion rotary, that its apex resembles fire and smoke, and that vivid lightning and heavy rain-fall usually accompany it. In rare instances, electricity, in the form of St. Elmo's fire, will precede the vortex, and a white, steamy cloud will follow. It will be observed that the form of a tornado-cloud is nicely illustrated by the "proof-plane" used in teaching natural philosophy. The small end of the plane is most heavily charged with electricity, and, the nearer it approaches to a perfect point, the greater will be the accumulation; a high tension is caused, and the electricity must escape by some conductor. So, in the tornado-cloud, the smaller the point or stem the greater the force exerted when it meets the earth.—*George C. Smith, in Popular Science Monthly.*

Farragut Conquering Himself.

Farragut's own story of his self-conquest is exceedingly interesting. "When I was about ten years old," he says, "when I accompanied my father as cabin boy to New Orleans with the little navy we then had to look after the treason of Aaron Burr, I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like an old sailor. I could drink as stiff a glass of grog as if I had sailed round Cape Horn, and could smoke like a locomotive. I was great at cards, and fond of gambling in every shape. At the close of the dinner one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door, and said to me: 'David, what do you mean to be?' 'I mean to follow the sea.' 'Follow the sea! Yes, be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign land.' 'No,' I said, 'I'll tread the quarter-deck and command, as you do.' 'No, David, my boy; no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles and habits as you have. You'll have to change your whole course of life if you ever become a man.' My father left me and went on deck. I was stunned by the rebuke. A poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast! kicked and cuffed about the world, and to die in some fever hospital! That's my fate, is it? I'll change my life, and change it at once. I will never utter another oath. I will never drink another drop of intoxicating liquors; I will never gamble; and, as God is my witness, I have kept those three resolutions to this hour."

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—R. J. Burdett, the "youmerist," rides a bicycle for recreation.

—Palatka, Fla., has a family of sixteen brothers and not one of them less than six feet in height.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—It is now quite common to give a child the surname of its mother. This is a good way to preserve two family names.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The State of Texas elects a Governor every fourth year, and only four former incumbents of the office are now living. Messrs. Throckmorton, Hubbard, Coke and Roberts.

—Rev. W. Cowl, who left a Methodist pulpit near Pittsburgh to accept a call to the Third Unitarian Church, corner Monroe and Laflin streets, Chicago, has been received again into the Pittsburgh Conference.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—The daughter of Bayard Taylor has until recently been supporting herself as a governess in New York. She and her mother declined a purse of $30,000, raised by New York ladies on learning that Bayard Taylor died poor.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Hugh Birley, M. P., of Manchester, Eng., whose death is announced, was the son of a cotton spinner, and always had a warm heart for his work people. During the cotton famine he even sold his carriage that he might be able to give greater assistance to the poor.

—The late Judge Black, writes a correspondent, had his right arm broken in eleven pieces by a railroad accident in 1868, and it never afterwards was of much use to him. He learned to write with his left hand after he was sixty years of age.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Miss Catherine Wolf has built a "cottage" at Newport at a cost of $500,000, and has had $150,000 worth of furniture carted in to make it comfortable for a couple of months during the summer. Miss Wolf is mistress of her own heart and a fortune of several millions—therefore, a monopolist. Where is the young man to destroy this monopoly.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The venerable Charles R. Thorne, father of the late "leading man" in the Union Square Theater, New York, of Edwin Thorne and of Mrs. Emily Chamberlain, was married last week in San Francisco to the widow of the late James Stark, the tragedian. Mr. Thorne is the hero of a romantic life. He has been on the stage over sixty years, and in his time "played many parts.—*N. Y. Times.*

—The younger son of Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, is at work as repairer and lineman for the Pittsfield Telephone company. He has spent a year in the factory, and is now learning all the practical working of a telephone exchange, fitting himself for a responsible position in the eastern part of the State. To don old clothes and visit residences where in full dress he has attended evening parties, requires a kind of nerve which ought to make a useful telephone man.—*Boston Journal.*

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A fat and awkward billiard player is a cue-cumbersome specimen.—*Cincinnati Traveler.*

—"Good bye" in the telephone reminds one of autumn; it is the yell o' leave.—*Boston Bulletin.*

—"What do you think of Fielding?" she asked young Mr. Tawmus. "Oh, it's important, of course, but it won't avail anything without good batting!"—*Boston Post.*

—A horse balked with a man in Buffalo the other day, and he sat there in his buggy for nine hours before the animal moved on. He was a house painter, working by the day, and would have put in another hour if necessary.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Can't understand this at all," said young Hyson; "can't understand it at all." "Well, tell it," said his partner. "Why, a whale goes down below, doesn't it?" "Oh, yes." "And this magazine says it comes up to b'low, too. Now that's nonsense." But nobody would listen to him.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Idiocy of the weather topic: "Well, how do you like this weather?" inquired old man Barnstable of Mrs. McBaker, who always looks on the dark side of things. "Don't like it at all," snapped that amiable virago. "Ah, don't, eh?" mildly replied old Barnstable, "er—er—how do you think you would like it if it suited you?"—*Texas Siftings.*

—Mamie, having been helped twice to everything on the table, slid down, when the coffee came in, from her chair with a sigh. "There, now," said her mamma, I suppose you have eaten so much that you feel uncomfortable." "Don't!" replied Mamie quickly, with a toss of her little head. "I just feel nice and smooth."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"What did you get out of that case?" asked the old lawyer. "I got my client out of it," replied the young one. "And what did he get out of it?" "Satisfaction, I reckon. I didn't leave anything else for him to get." "Young man," said the senior, proudly, "you'll never be a Judge. There is not enough money on the bench for you."—*Exchange.*

—The wrong girl—

Girl in hammock
Reading book
Catches man
By hook or crook.

Girl in kitchen
Scrubbing pan
Cannot gobble
Any man.

Ten years later,
Head in whirl,
Wished he'd taken
Kitchen girl.

—*Oil City Blizzard.*

"Good morning, Farmer Furrow," said the old deacon, as he leaned over the fence to have a friendly chat. "Mornin' deacon," nodded the farmer. "How is that sick pig this morning?" "O, that's gittin' along right smart, I reckon," cheerfully replied the granger. "And how is the rest of your folks?" continued the deacon. The farmer said nothing, but reached down, picked up an overripe melon and fired it right at the deacon's head. "There!" he exclaimed; "by the time yer git them 'ere seeds out o' yer ha'r you'll find out how my folks is."—*N. Y. Dairy.*

—It is predicted that Washington will be gayer than ever the coming winter. The session of Congress is the long one.—*Chicago Journal.*